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Title: Britannian Flora: A Casual Guide

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Oft 'pon rambling  
through the woods  
avoiding bears have I  
spotted some plant  
whose like I have  
never seen before,  
and concluded that I  
was a blithering idiot  
for failing to notice it  
in the past. Equally  
as oft have I  
concluded that I was a  
worse idiot for not  
running faster from  
the bear.

While not all my  
readers may share  
my proclivities for  
tree-climbing, it  
occurred to me that  
mayhap mine  
information might  
serve some humble  
purpose.

The two most  
unique flowering  
plants in the  
Britannian  
countryside are the  
orfleur and the  
whiteflower, also  
called white horns.

The orfleur is  
notable for its  
massive orange-red  
blossoms, which  
dwarf marigolds like  
the sun dwarfs your  
common fireball spell.  
The odor of said  
blooms is best  
described as  
peppermint-apple,  
with a dash of garlic.  
'Tis a popular potted  
plant despite, or  
perhaps because of,  
its exotic nature.

Whiteflowers exude  
a subtle fragrance not  
unlike that of freshly  
shaven wood mixed  
with cool lemon ice.  
Their tall stands  
always droop with the  
heavy weight of the  
massive blooms, oft  
as large as a child's  
head.

The flowers are so  
large that one may  
scoop out the pollen in  
handfuls, and during  
the spring season  
many a prank hath  
been played by idle  
boys 'pon their  
sisters by dumping  
said pollen into their  
clothing drawers,  
causing sneezes for  
days.

The most  
interesting native tree  
to Britannia is the  
spider tree. The  
reason for its naming  
is obscure, but may  
have to do with the  
twisted gray stalks  
from which the  
spherical canopy  
sprouts. 'Tis  
something of a  
misnomer to term  
these "trunks" as  
they are spindly and  
flexible. Spider trees  
provide a fresh,  
piney smell to a room  
and are therefore  
often potted.

In jungle climes,  
one finds the blade  
plant, whose sharp  
leaves oft collect  
water for the thirsty  
traveler, yet can  
draw blood easily.

The deadliest plant,  
if you can call a  
fungus such, is the  
Exploding Red Spotted  
Toadstool. No pattern  
can be discerned to  
its habitats save

malice, for merely  
approaching results in  
the cap exploding  
with powder, noxious  
gas, and tiny painful  
pellets flying in all  
directions.

Unfortunately, 'tis  
impossible to tell it  
apart from the  
Ordinary Red Spotted  
Toadstool save through  
experimentation.

Truly odd among the  
varied flora of  
Britannia, however,  
are those which bear  
names clearly alien to  
our tongue. Among  
these I name the  
Tuscany pine (for I  
have never seen a  
region of this world  
named Tuscany), the  
o'hii tree, whose very  
name sounds like  
some tropical isle, and  
the welsh poppy,  
which while  
different from the  
ordinary poppy in  
color and appearance,  
is prefaced with the  
odd word "welsh,"  
which as far as I  
know means to forgo  
paying a debt.